

THE
SOUTHAMPTON
UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 47.



SUMMER TERM - 1917.



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THE
Southampton University
.... College Magazine

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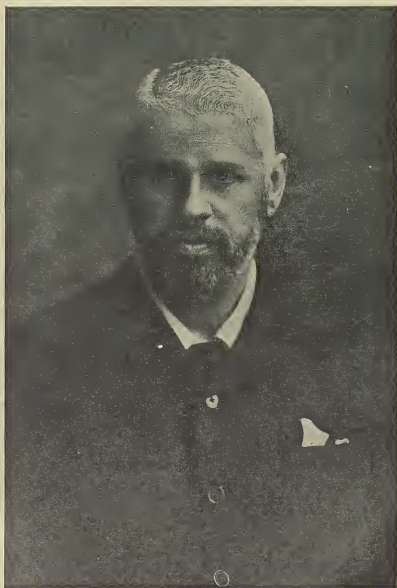
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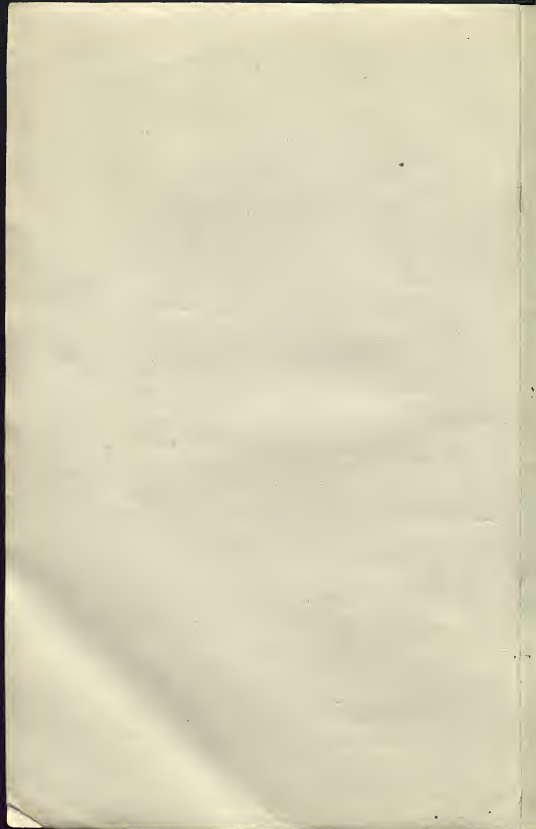
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President of University College, Southampton.



THE SOUTHAMPTON
University College Magazine.

- - *Editorial Notes.* - -

WE regret to have to record the death, in action, of four old students — Robert Tofield Sinclair, J. F. Sparks, Thomas Gilgan and W. J. Jones.

With reference to the first-named, Professor Eustice writes:—

“Amongst the engineering students of the College who joined the 5th Hants Territorials, and volunteered for active service on the outbreak of the war, was Robert Tofield Sinclair, the eldest son of Mr. Robert N. Sinclair, Chief Assistant Dock Engineer, Southampton Docks. Sinclair left Southampton for India with the first detachment of the 5th Hants; eager to serve his country in the firing line, he volunteered for yet more active service, and transferred to the 4th Hants in the Expeditionary Force to Mesopotamia, where he was promoted to be a sergeant. He was killed in action on the night of the 23rd—24th February, 1917. A Southampton man, in a letter to friends, tells the story of how volunteers were wanted to lead a body of Ghurkas across the Tigris in a night attack under the most perilous conditions. Gallantly and cheerfully Sergeant Sinclair responded and started on the expedition, but whilst in the boat on the way across the river he was shot down by the fire of the enemy. This was in one of the actions of which the daily papers have given brief accounts, but the story of such individual gallantry as Sinclair showed can only be told in detail by those who were eye-witnesses.

“Sinclair was born on the 4th August, 1894—so that it was on his twentieth birthday that he joined the Hampshires for active service. He was educated at Taunton's School,

Southampton, and at Peter Symond's School, Winchester. In 1912 he gained an entrance scholarship to the University College, and soon endeared himself to his fellow-students and to the staff by his sterling qualities. He was of a cheerful disposition, active and successful as a student, and very popular amongst the men in the recreations and general life of the College. He was elected a representative of the students on the committee of the College Engineering Society, where his father was a representative of the outside members. He was admitted as a student of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and arrangements had been made for him to be articled to Mr. Wentworth-Shields, M.I.C.E., the Engineer of the Southampton Docks.

"Sergeant Sinclair's future was full of promise. In the manner of his death he has fulfilled the promise of his early years, by showing those qualities of consideration for others and devotion to his country which those who know him cherish in affectionate remembrance."

J. F. Sparks, like R. T. Sinclair, came up to the College from Peter Symond's School, Winchester, and was of the same years (1912—1914). He took a leading part in the life of the men, and in his last year was Secretary of the Common Room. The mock Suffragette demonstration which he and another student carried out on the occasion of the opening of the new buildings at Highfield, and which elicited an appreciative letter from Lord Haldane, was not the least interesting incident of a notable day. Sparks had a decided gift for teaching, and had secured an appointment at Cirencester when war broke out. He soon joined up, and was sent to the R.A.M.C. at Aldershot. He became lance-corporal, corporal, and sergeant in this service before he entered the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment with a commission as 2nd Lieutenant. After a period of infantry training he joined the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers in Egypt. Early in 1916 he accompanied that regiment to France. He was one of the few of its men who came safely through the battle of the Somme. He came home on leave at Christmas, and took the opportunity of re-visiting the College. On his return to France he rejoined his old regiment—the K.O.R.L.R. He was killed by a stray shell while waiting to "go over the top" just before the inception of the big attack at Arras on April 8th. He is buried in the Faubourg d'Amiéens, Arras.

Thomas Gilgan was killed on May 4th. No further particulars are as yet to hand. He was up at the College in 1914—1915, and was a very popular student. He was

especially interested in the Stage Society, and took part in the performance of "The Dear Departed" two years ago. He was Secretary of the Soirée Committee at the time when he joined up.

W. J. Jones was contemporary with Gilgan at the College (1914—1915). He was both a quick student and active in sport. He was Vice-Captain of the Cricket Club, member of the Football Committee, and Secretary of the Magazine. He joined up towards the end of 1915 as a gunner, and was killed on the 8th March, 1917. An old student in the same service, writing from the front with reference to his death, remarks: "We have lost poor Jack Jones. He was killed on the night of the 8th at 9 o'clock. He was not in the battery at the time, but was working on observation posts in the front line attached to the R.E.'s. It was a rotten job, and they had had several narrow escapes. He was killed outright, so did not suffer, and a party from the battery brought him in to the cemetery at Comblès, where he was buried by the Army Chaplain. Everybody misses him—he was always so cheerful and full of fun."

Lieut. R. Applin, of the Royal Flying Corps, and Lieut. Wharton Ruddock are reported missing.

Lieut. John Moriarty, who was at the College from 1909 to 1912 as a Civil Service student, has been awarded the Military Cross. He was attached to the 27th Punjab, as 2nd Lieutenant, from the Indian Reserve of Officers. He served in Mesopotamia for fourteen months, and was severely wounded at Kut on the 26th February, 1917. When he was sufficiently recovered he was invalided to India. John Moriarty is one of three brothers, who were all very popular at the College, and all are now in the forces.

Lieutenant William Cavell has also gained the Military Cross. When up at the College he was an active member of the Football Club. After taking his degree he went to Crediton Grammar School as a master on the modern side.

Professor Sutherland, Lieutenant in the Siege Artillery, has gone with his battery to Mesopotamia. Professor Shelley is now in training for a commission in the Field Artillery.

Lieutenant Marle has sent us from France a copy of the second number (January, 1917,) of "718," the A.S.C.M.T. 718 W.T. Company's magazine, written, edited, and printed at the front. Despite the difficulties attending the production and publication of such a journal, and with no advertisements or subvention, a profit of 30 francs was made on the first issue. This was divided between the company sports and the

St. John's Red Cross. Mr. Marle contributes to the second number a mock geometry paper, from which we make the following extract:—

“Proposition.—The writing of an indent for work to be done is of equal importance to the performance of the work itself. For if the writing of the indent be not of equal importance it must be of greater or of less importance. If possible let it be of greater importance. Then the job is of less importance than ‘a scrap of paper,’ which is impossible.—Wm. II. If possible let it be of less importance, then the work is more important than the indent, which is absurd. Therefore the indent and the work are of equal importance.”

Mr. Maurice King, who took the B.Sc. (Eng.) from the College in 1913, and afterwards went out to Africa as a surveyor for the Uganda Government, has had some interesting adventures since the outbreak of the war. At first he was lent to the Administration as an Assistant District Commissioner, but in June, 1915, he obtained a commission as 1st Lieutenant in the Intelligence Political Department of the Uganda Forces. His work in this capacity consisted of gathering information as to the numbers, positions and equipment of the enemy; the attitude of the natives; the character of the country which had to be traversed, facilities for food and water, and the like. As Political Officers he and a colleague had to settle all questions that came before them from the natives in the territory through which their force was moving after the enemy. This involved a study of the native speech. About the end of 1916 Mr. King came home on civil leave. He is now waiting a cadet vacancy in the Royal Engineers, and in the meanwhile is joining the London University O.T.C.

Another old student, Mr. F. Travers, who has already had twelve month's service in the Navy, has now been granted a commission in the Royal Engineers. He joined the Navy as an engine-room artificer, and his experience was by no means lacking in excitement. “I put in the winter,” he writes to Professor Eustice, “in the Channel and North Sea on a destroyer, and you can hardly imagine what we went through. A good deal of the time we were more under water than above it. One night in action a torpedo only missed us by a few yards; but we ended our career in March. We hit a mine on the French coast; the ship went down in a few minutes, and we lost 67 out of 85 hands. I was on watch in the engine-room at the time, and had only just time enough to get out. Although only ten minutes in the water I was nearly done, owing to the intense cold.”

In our last issue we referred to a scheme for giving free courses of training at the College to discharged soldiers. Since then a definite start has been made, and a number of men of this class are now taking technical or commercial instruction under the arrangement.

In connexion with the work of the Serbian Relief Fund, the problem of how best to provide educational facilities for those of the "Serbians in this country who are of school or college age has been the subject of much consideration. With the object of assisting in its solution the Council of the College offered free courses of instruction to such of the Serbians in the hostel at Chandler's Ford as were able to profit by it. Two of them came immediately. One of these has since left the country; but three others have recently started attendance.

Since our last issue the College has lost one of its strongest supporters by the death of Mr. Edward Gayton, Chairman of the Council. Mr. Gayton took an active part in all the public life of the town, especially in connexion with charitable organisations, and passed through the mayoral office, but the interests of the College probably stood foremost in his affections. He was appointed a member of the Council of the Hartley Institute twenty-one years ago, and when the Institute was incorporated as a University College in 1902 he was elected Chairman of the Council—a position which he occupied continuously till his death. During the whole of the period Mr. Gayton never missed any important meeting, and he brought to the affairs of the College an enthusiastic service in all stages of its career.

Just as we are on the point of going to press, news has come of the death of Mr. W. F. G. Spranger, J.P., a devoted member of the Court of Governors and Council, and a liberal benefactor to the College. Mr. Spranger contributed £1,100 to the Building Fund, and when the Principal found that there was no money available to provide a porter's lodge, and mentioned the fact to Mr. Spranger, he forthwith wrote out a cheque for an additional £200—the late Mr. William Darwin giving a like amount. Mr. Spranger was also one of the chief supporters of the Record Society, and was Chairman of its Committee. His interest in education extended to all its stages. He was a member of the old School Board, and when this was replaced by the Education Committee was the first Vice-Chairman. He was Chairman of the Governors of the Endowed Schools to the time of his death. His work was not merely official. He took a personal interest in the

boys both during and after their school career, and his loss will be widely felt.

We are glad to be able to give in this number a portrait of the President of the College, Mr. C. G. Montefiore, and a report of his address at Commemoration, Monday, 23rd April, when he delivered the prizes for 1915—1916.

If rumour is to be trusted, the women students of the College whose homes are at a distance will, the next Session, have for their accommodation a spacious house in a very large and shady garden in which are two secluded tennis courts. We have no doubt that the new Hostel will add in many ways to the social amenities of the College.

Mr. Frederick Phillips has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in recognition of his work in connexion with anti-aircraft appliances.

At the annual meeting of the Southampton University Extension Society, Dr. Hill, referring to the work of the past session, said the lectures of last winter might be said to have been a conspicuous success. They were a success not only academically, but financially, and the Society was enabled to contribute £10 to the Building Fund of the College. They had been very fortunate in their lecturers. Mr. Mackie had given them a charming course on the novel. Professor Stansfield had given four illustrated lectures, intended for young people, but certainly equally interesting to grown-ups, about electricity; and finally they had three extremely eloquent lectures from Dr. Horrocks on the times of Queen Elizabeth.

The arrangement of a syllabus for next winter was left in the hands of the committee, but courses will probably be given by Dr. Hill, Professor Stansfield, and Professor Cock. Dr. Hill was re-elected a Vice-President, Professors Lyttell and Stansfield members of the Committee, and Professor Boyd one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Society.

At the annual meeting of the Southampton Record Society, Miss Aubrey was re-elected Secretary, and Miss Hamilton, Dr. Hill, Professor Masom, Professor Lyttell and Dr. Horrocks members of the Committee. The first volume of the Assembly Books, which is being edited by Dr. Horrocks, is to be the next publication.

SUB-EDITORIAL NOTES.

"And now farewell."

—*Tempest*, Act 3, Sc. 1.

THE session just drawing to a close witnesses for many of us the close of our College days—days full of joy and redolent with happy memories. We shall ever look back with feelings of pleasure, touched with sadness, towards the days that are no more. O, that we had made more of our opportunities, had entered into the social spirit of the institution with greater vigour than was the case; but it is useless to utter regrets. Let us think of the time we spent at College with heartfelt thanks. For we saw as never before what an ideal community of men and women could be like; what potentiality for usefulness there was in the feeblest of us; and we even saw some of the heroism of our comrades who made the supreme sacrifice. Let the future bring with it what it may, let it be crowded with brilliant success or ignominious failures, those of us who are going down, standing on the threshold of life, can truly say that any epoch of our future cannot be so crowded with pleasant recollections and happy associations as were the three years spent at Coll. Good luck to the juniors! May they carry on the glorious traditions of the place, the social institutions, and all that College life should mean as we have endeavoured to do, though sometimes with little success. May their College course be as happy as ours was and may they receive that preparation for life which College alone can give.

H. J. W.



WAR LIST. ✕ ✕

♦ ♦ ♦

Killed.—Lieut. R. T. Sinclair; Lieut. J. F. Sparks; Cpl. T. Gilgan; Bombadier W. J. Jones.

Missing.—Lieut. R. Applin, R.F.C.; Lieut. W. Ruddock,

Distinctions.—MILITARY CROSS: Lieut. W. Cavell and Lieut. J. Moriarty.

Joined Since last issue of Magazine:

Mr. A. Alker (M.T. of A.S.C.); Mr. P. A. M. Watts (R.F.A.); Mr. R. Barber (H.A.C.); Mr. R. Cantelo (Civil Service Rifles); Mr. C. Steel (Artists' Rifles); Mr. P. J. Leaper (London Scottish); Mr. W. Stubbings (Royal Marines).



PRIZE LIST. ✕ ✕

♦ ♦ ♦

HONOURS IN ARTS COURSE—C. S. Gibbs, B.A.; H. N. Lett, B.A.; H. A. Thomas, B.A.; Gertrude L. Lovell, B.A.; Elsie. W. Childs, B.A.; Muriel M. Acock, B.A.; E. P. Knight; and Margery E. Weedon.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE COURSE—B. F. Barnes, B.Sc.; Doris F. Thomas, B.Sc.; W. V. Stubbings; Freda M. Loader, B.Sc.; Henrietta S. G. Wallen; and L. H. S. Clark, B.Sc.

SENIOR ARTS COURSE—R. P. V. Carpenter, B.A.; Lilla M. H. Millward, B.A.; Olive Foot, B.A.; L. G. K. Starke; and Ellen C. Roche, B.A.

SENIOR SCIENCE COURSE—F. J. Booker, B.Sc.; E. F. King, B.Sc.; R. Newman, B.Sc.; and H. J. White.

SENIOR ENGINEERING COURSE—A. S. Wallis.

INTERMEDIATE ARTS COURSE—R. C. G. Chapman; Annie W. Bosworth; and Eva G. Absalom.

INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE COURSE—N. C. Street; R. J. Ludford; and Beatrice E. Hunt.

JUNIOR ENGINEERING COURSE—C. H. Hinkley.

TRAINING COURSE—Ethelrida H. Burrows; Constance S. Finch; Mabel A. Donkin; and Frances C. Lunn.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS AT COMMEMORATION,
23rd April, 1917.

+ + +

I suppose there has rarely been a moment in history when some people, at any rate, have not said, "How much we would wish to know and to see what will be happening, and what our country or the world will look like, forty or fifty years hence." But I can hardly imagine a time when people could make that old remark more truthfully and eagerly than now. So those of us who are about twenty have in this the advantage of those who are about sixty. If they live another forty or fifty years they are pretty sure to see wonderful developments—let us hope wonderful developments for good. And they will, or need not, see these things as detached spectators, but if they keep their health and strength they will, each in her own, or his own, sphere, take part in these developments themselves. They will help to make history at a great new stage, if also a difficult stage, in the life of their country and of the world.

If, as we pray and hope—if, as we now have good reason to believe—if, as most of us in our deepest convictions never doubted, the right side wins, the half century after the War will surely be pregnant with great events. The world for some long while may be poor in the material and pecuniary sense, and there may be many troubles and difficulties, but there ought also to be great possibilities and opportunities, and there may, perhaps, be much moral and social advance.

So those of us who are going down the hill, who can only see a few years of the next fifty, and who perchance have minds more set and less flexible,—we look at you young ones, who may live through the whole half century, not with envy, but, at all events, with admiration.

And while youth is still with you, and while your minds are still flexible; while you can store them with knowledge; while, in the noblest sense of the word, you can make them free—free to see things as they truly are—we old ones are, I am afraid, a bit inclined to become preachy and didactic, and to urge you to make the most of fleeting opportunities.

Our College, like everything else just now, is not living a normal life. Had it not been for the War we should, as you all know, have become a much bigger, more developed and all-round institution than we are. Many difficulties surround us: where we would fain have students in hundreds we only have students in tens.

Nevertheless, let those who are with us seek, so far as they can, to remember where they are, not only in an Institute, but in a *College*, and not merely in a *College*, but in a *University College*. Now, what do I mean by that? I mean something which, I am bound to say, neither my own University nor the sister University of our dear and honoured Principal has always observed and remembered: I mean that a University, and even a University College, stands above all things for a certain elevation and independence of the mind; for a certain love and passion for truth; for a certain liberty of spirit. Here, in the noble words of one who was possessed with that passion and independence—here we are pledged to follow the argument whithersoever it leads us.

Now, in chemistry and physics it is, perhaps, not difficult—I speak as a fearful ignoramus—to follow the argument whithersoever it leads: in chemistry and physics it may, perchance, be easy to acquire a freedom of mind. But I want you to regard this freedom, which, believe me, is not inconsistent with the profoundest reverence, as the gift bestowed upon you, or rather as the quest set before you by this College in *all* your thoughts, in *all* your studies, in *all* your doings.

Again, this University College seeks to be a place where, in one sense, there are no sectional interests and no distinctions of classes. Here we study, here we seek to know the truth, not in the interests of the few, and not in the interests of the many; not in the interests of the rich, and not in the interests of the poor.

Here we seek to know the truth, to see things as they really are, or as they really have been; not merely the truth about hydrogen, or caterpillars, or oak trees, or steam engines, or electricity, but also about the history of man, about society, about politics, about law, about morality.

All this, at all events, is the ideal of a University, even if for the present some of these studies are beyond our own grasp and range. And the spirit of all this—the spirit of impartiality, the spirit of freedom—that need not be beyond us, that need not be an impossible aspiration and ideal, even now, even to-day.

Not that our studies here are to have no relation to our life, or even to our livelihood. They are undertaken for our own benefit and for the benefit of society. But they are yet to aim at truth: they must be light-giving not heat-giving. The only passion admitted here must be the austere passion for truth. Moreover, just because even our University

studies are for our benefit, so does a University, and perhaps, too, a University College, ask: What is our true benefit, our true welfare? what is the best life? what, as the first great seekers after truth demanded, is the end of man? what is the ultimate good?

Now, perhaps some of you may think, "This old grey-head is telling us something very unnecessary! We are not loth to pull things to pieces. We are democrats, and no timid democrats. We are no slavish admirers of authority; we are not humbly content with our station in life, and with things as they are." Well, the old greyhead is not wholly unsuspicious that such may be the case. But perhaps he draws from his well-founded suspicion an inference which may surprise you. For what may your readiness to pull things to pieces signify? What may your eager radicalism mean? It may mean not the passion to know things as they really are, but rather hastily formed opinions as to what things are good and what things are bad; it may mean not a freedom of the mind, but a youthful and needless bondage to the shibboleths of party and of class. Now, my friends, if the greyhead who speaks to you is himself in bondage he may be too old to make himself free. But you, who are young, should seek for, and work for, that liberty, which none can give you but yourselves.

Yet, though this liberty of the mind can only be won by your own effort, just as no man can take it from you, you can be helped to obtain it. And that help will, I trust, be given to you here—partly directly, by the very nature of your studies, and partly indirectly, by the very spirit of the place—that University spirit which I urge you to drink in and to observe.

So now you see, perhaps, more clearly what I meant by this spirit of detachment, of independence—by no means the same as a spirit of revolt, of licence, of disdain. To this common centre and home of our studies we all come with our environments, our associations; our upbringings; with our crude beliefs, our hastily formed opinions, our class prejudices, our party prepossessions. And the spirit of the University College speaks to us and says: "I welcome you all. I welcome the rich, I welcome the poor. I welcome the Tory, I welcome the Radical. I welcome the capitalist and the employer. I welcome the labourer and the employer. You are all equal before me, and I bid you all equally to dedicate yourselves to the holy service of truth."

A true University should be very democratic, and many

of democracy's ideals are its ideals too. In it may be found fraternity, in it equality, in it liberty. And yet a true University is also an aristocratic place: in other words, it embodies the truths of both democracy and aristocracy, and seeks to avoid the errors and the perversions of each.

Within the walls of the University there is, in one sense, equality: the children of the peeress and of the charwoman are as one. Yet here, least of all, is one man, or one woman, as good as another. Here the wiser comes to the front and industry succeeds, and, above all, character tells rapidly. And here, too, there is authority, and here, too, there is obedience; yet the obedience is intended to be—and, indeed, in any good and successful University can only be—that intelligent and willing obedience which is but the preparation for, and the complement of, liberty.

Since, then, the spirit of a University is democratic and because its life is an exemplification of true democracy, it is of great importance and advantage that a large number of our young men and women should obtain some University education, or catch a breath of University air, and that those who are at a University, or at a University College, should seek to gain every benefit from it which they can.

Now, ours is the era of democracy, which more and more, and in nation after nation, is coming by its own. The next forty or fifty years may be years in which democracy will make yet further strides and win yet grander conquests. As compared with the days which are coming, and which you may live to see, we are possibly only standing upon the threshold. The greatest developments of democracy lie ahead.

Therefore it seems to me that it is the duty of University students, and I think, too, of University teachers, not only to study and understand the ideals of democracy, but also to purify them. At the University, where there is time and breathing space for calm enquiry and unfettered investigation, we may seek to turn opinion into knowledge, and muddled prejudice into clarity and elevation of mind. Here, in the very interests of democracy itself, we can quietly ask—What is its weakness as well as what is its strength? what are the truths which it finds difficult to grasp, or the excellences which it finds difficult to appreciate? Here we may seek to know not only its great qualities, but also the defects of its qualities. Here we may ponder,—and by such mental effort win emancipation and freedom,—over the truth and the

grandeur of democracy and also over its perversions and its errors.

Especially for those students at a University College such as this who have set themselves to become teachers of the people may these years of University atmosphere and of University thinking be fruitful and illuminating. If there are any who ought to, and who can, make this great English democracy a wiser and a saner, a more unselfish and a more fraternal, democracy, surely it is the Teachers. And saying that, one's mind adverts at once to the War, and to that which is to follow it. The schools are to become better, school life is to become better, school life is to become longer, the ladder of education is to become easier to climb than before. But does not all this also mean that the office of teacher is to become more fruitful and responsible, his work more important and far reaching, than before? Nor will reform in education be the only social reform which we may anticipate. Exciting movements, agitating discussions, strange proposals, startling experiments, may lie before us. Let, then, the teachers seek to win for themselves coolness, width of vision, impartiality, and a whole-hearted appreciation of the best, and, then, let them endeavour to pass these high excellences on to others.

I should not like to deal in this address solely with generalities. I must venture to illustrate my meaning with examples. The particular is more difficult than the general. The illustration is harder than the theory. Yet a few attempts must be made within the brief limits of the time assigned to me, or you will, perhaps, think that all that I have thus far said is mere fury and sound.

We might, for instance, take two or three conceptions which democracy holds high, and then consider how far they are exaggerated or perverted; or, on the other hand, we might take two or three conceptions, once held in high esteem,—which democracy appears to depreciate,—and consider how far here, too, there is exaggeration or misconception.

But as I have only a short time before me, I shall, I fear, run these two methods somewhat together, and leave the disentanglement to you.

Words, in one sense, are counters. But they are not mere counters. They are charged with history and associations. They are full of suggestions. They are good servants, but they are bad masters. We must endeavour not to become ourselves their slaves, and next—above all, those of

us who are going to be teachers—to prevent others from becoming their slaves likewise. One may become the slave of a word by unreasoning admiration, and one may become its slave also by undue hostility. The greater the word, the greater may be the danger. Among such words which may be a danger to democracy are "content," "reverence," "authority," "obedience;" or, again, "liberty," "independence," "equality." And what the teachers of democracy have to do is to explain what are the true, and what are the false, or, rather, what are the wise and fruitful, and what are the foolish and harmful meanings that may be attached to these words; how far, and within what limits, all may be accepted by democracy, and how they may be rightly harmonized with one another.

Take—for I will shirk a definite example no longer—take the word "content." It is an old virtue, and has been greatly praised. It has meant patient endurance of our lot, without cavil or murmuring. With the station in which we find ourselves we must be satisfied. But what does democracy tend to say about this excellence? A very different story. We *are* to worry: we *are* to be impatient, both over our own limitations and deficiencies and over those of others. We are not to be satisfied with our own poverty or with the poverty of our neighbours. Discontent, and not content, is the virtue of progress. Social wrongs, inequalities, injustices are to arouse within us a burning passion of indignation: discontent alone can engender the fight for redress, for improvement. Content is the virtue of slaves who hang their chains: discontent is the virtue of freemen.

And what are we to say of reverence? A dubious virtue, thinks the democrat. Reverence, etymologically, means no more than fear, and its origin shows its application. Reverence is the virtue which the oppressor has taught to the oppressed. It has been inoculated from above for the benefit of those above and of their usurped and illegitimate authority. It is the virtue by which it has been sought to justify obedience, and to prevent the rising of squalor and degradation against riches and power. Reverence is intended to be a barrier against the coming of equality. And what is the difference between you and me that I should do you reverence? Are we not all made of the same flesh and blood? Our clothes may differ, but within them, as the mocking poet said, there is the same nakedness.

How far, then, is this attack upon content and reverence right or wrong? How far does it hit the mark? How far

does it exaggerate? A full and true answer is impossible for two reasons: first it would need an address all to itself, and secondly it really would involve bringing in religion. For ethics have a way of running up into metaphysics, and where metaphysics enter, religion cannot be far behind.

But this single example will suffice to show the office of the University, and the spirit you must seek within its walls. It is the spirit of reconciliation, the spirit of harmony, the spirit of balance and of truth. For democracy is not by any means wholly wrong in its attack: but yet these old and cherished ideals of the past, these ancient virtues, these hallowed words, are not simply to be overturned, degraded, destroyed and forgotten. No! They are to be deepened, purified, refined.

As regards contentment, we must, first of all, carefully distinguish. To be contented with our own lot is one thing: to be contented with our neighbour's lot is quite another. Even a democrat may find occasion to be contented for himself; but he may rightly be suspicious of a contentment which has sometimes taken the form of the rich and the comfortable being content with the poverty of the poor or the misery of the wretched.

And could not a more independent judgment and a deeper insight, such as might be won within these walls, perceive that to frame a true scale of values is one of the most remunerative duties of life? The lack, for instance, of any opportunity for wholesome recreation and simple joys: to see one's own child (or any child) inadequately fed, clothed, and taught; such things as these we may regard as true evils, and to be resigned to them, to be content with them, may be justly regarded as improper and perverse. But it does not follow that I should not be content to be an "assistant" teacher because my neighbour is a "head" or that if I am a bootmaker both my son and I may not be content that he should be the same. It does not follow that if 10 pounds a year is adequate for the attainment of simple and wholesome well-being, I should not be content till I have obtained four 10's, or that I should be still happier with sixteen 10's, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Reverence is too great and many-sided a subject to be dealt with in the last few sentences at the far end of a brief address. But I should like to point out how it is precisely the province of a University, or a University College, where different social classes may, and should, be found mingling together on a footing of equality, to prove, both by teaching

and by experience, that reverence, like admiration, is, in its purest forms, independent of classes and of social distinctions. It would indeed be an awful thing to live in a democratic society, if there were nothing and nobody in it to reverence and admire. It would be an awful thing to live in a democracy, if we were not allowed to use the noblest of our faculties—the power of admiration and of reverence. To reject the false reverence: to retain the true: to bow down before what is truly adorable; to recognise the high and the noble and the pure and the beautiful wherever we see them, in peasant or prince, in capitalist or labourer, to recognise them in spite of their disguises and their trappings, and whether those who display them be conventionally above or conventionally below us—that is the joy and the privilege, that is the result and the issue, of true education

"Exactly," says a great writer, whom every teacher should carefully study for stimulus and suggestion, whether in agreement or in opposition, "exactly in the degree in which you can find creatures greater than yourself to look up to, in that degree you are ennobled yourself, and in that degree happy." "All real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain." "This is the thing which I know—and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also—that in reverence is the chief joy and power of life: reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth: for what is true and tried in the age of others: for all that is gracious among the living—great among the dead,—and marvellous in the powers that cannot die."¹

Just as within the University, or during our career at a University College, we should be taught and learn how to admire and reverence, purely, truly, intensely, so, too, may we be here taught and learn the true nature of independence and authority, of government and of obedience, of liberty and of law. I say the true nature of them; I might as well and as justly have said, how they should be observed and manifested in a true democracy and by developed democrats. I have spoken already of that independence and liberty of mind, which is brought about by a willing servitude to truth, by the pure desire to see all things as they truly are. And other aspects of liberty you may learn in the University as well: you have already

¹ Ruskin, *The Crown of Wild Olive*, §137; *Lectures on Art*, end of Lecture II.

perchance learnt some of them half consciously at school. Here you can perceive the fitness of that old Greek definition of the citizen: to have the opportunity and the capacity to rule and to obey. Here you can learn the emptiness, and even in many ways the falsity, of that negative conception of liberty: to do as you like; here you may perceive that precisely the chief ruler is the man who least of all can do what he likes, but, on the contrary, is the man who must be most obedient to justice, obedient to wisdom, obedient to the law of duty and to the law of love.

There is an old Rabbinic saying, "There is no freedom except through the Law." And it is just this sort of freedom which, as it seems to me, democracy must claim and practise as its own. First, we may interpret this law as the law which is made consciously by man, law in its usual sense: this law in a democracy is your law and my law, because we help to make it, and we freely obey it, and in obeying it we find our liberty. But, in the second place, we may interpret this law in a higher sense as the moral law which is both within man and without him, which, in one sense, he creates, but, in another sense, is but revealed to him, which is so essentially his own that only in fulfilling it does he attain to the full stature of his manhood, and which is yet so infinitely above and beyond him that he places its seat in the highest heaven of heavens, and bows down before it in reverence and adoration. It is of this greater law that the Rabbis say there is no liberty except in its observance, and if this law—as I, for one, think it should—be given life and consciousness and personality, then we may also apply to it another famous and more familiar utterance, and we may say that only in *its* service is perfect freedom.



DE PROFUNDIS. ❧ ❧

+ + +

I sailed out over the summer sea, when the sky was a
turquoise blue,

When the stars shone bright thro' the tropic night,
And the course of my barque was true.

But the small wave-gods with the topaz eyes
Laughed long as I paced the deck.

Ere the sun in the dim, far East could rise,

My barque was a dreary wreck.

I sailed out over the autumn sea, when the sky was a
misty grey,

And I drifted on, till the light was gone,
To a region which knows no day.

But a Voice cried, "There is the Rock of Despair,
And the shore of the Doomed Man's Land!"

And I felt in the dark, on my drifting barque,

The touch of a friendly hand.

I sailed out over the wintry sea, when the sky was a
mass of cloud,

When the wind swept by, with its soulless cry,
And the wave-gods shrieked aloud.

But I was at ease on the wintry seas,

Though I did not steer the barque;

For He gripped the wheel, with a hand of steel,

My Friend from the Outer Dark!

A. M. B.



SOME EXPERIENCES AT THE G.P.O. AS A COLLECTOR.

+ + +

"VERY good, sir; I'll be here after 8 a.m. to-morrow," I heard myself say on the 20th December, 1916. Little did I know what was before me; but I walked out of the General Post Office in High Street knowing that I was a Government servant till Christmas was over.

I had applied for an "inside post," for I felt that I might do something in the holiday. There was no vacancy. Laughingly the Inspector offered me an "outside job." I hesitated; then acquiesced "just for the fun of it." Looking back now I can indeed say that I never in all my life had such a crowded week as the one that followed. It was good to be alive. Here are just a few of my experiences.

Rain! rain! rain! greeted me on Wednesday morning. Enveloped in a huge macintosh I waited my turn at 8 a.m. with the other collectors at the G.P.O. The Superintendent was especially good. "You are number 2 [names do not exist at the G.P.O.]. Here is your mate. She has everything on that slip of paper. You will find her a good sort." You can imagine that I looked at her and took my bearings. She was a little woman about 34, with a quick, work-sharp way that appealed to me. I knew we should "pal up" and pull together well.

Our first "duty" was to fetch the Portsmouth mail bags from the Docks Station. Behold us half a minute later pushing a brilliant official-red pair of trucks down Bridge Street, and later returning with the mails. That was our first duty each morning.

Ten minutes' rest! Then we obtained our keys for the letter-boxes, slipped on our bags, took a huge sack, and boarded the car. From this we alighted near the first box, emptied it, and so proceeded to the other six. The bags were quite heavy enough when we reached the last. Having finished, we boarded the car and returned to the office. There we emptied the bags and so brought work for the sorters. We set out again after fifteen minutes' rest, and in all did our round three times each morning and twice at night, having the afternoons free. The nights were the worst, because the streets were so dark and we could only burn small lamps.

Before beginning in the evening we stamped packets—that is, letters and letter-packets too large to be machine-stamped. The wrist aches after half-an-hour at such work.

The evening mails were always the heaviest, especially the first, just before dinner time. They took the longest to collect. It was generally nearly 11 when we finished. Tired out, we used to go to the dining-room for cocoa and sandwiches, and then catch the car home (the G.P.O. servants ride free of charge when on duty). We followed out this same table until Christmas Eve.

I learned a good deal of my companion in those days. She was from Chapel, but she was as fine a lady in thought and word as any I have met. She always carried her share—indeed, often she carried more than half; and we tramped along telling of our experiences. She was well worth knowing.

I had a surprise as I passed through the office at 11 p.m. the first night. Bending over a pile of letters I saw a College man. I heard from him that two others were working there, but he believed they were outside workers. Somehow, though I was the only College woman, it seemed no longer lonely when I knew that others from the old place were experiencing life there too. You can hardly realise the pleasure there was in seeing a familiar face.

Now, I must tell you of the Londoner I met. She was a temporary collector, like myself, but she was "hot stuff." I made her acquaintance while waiting for the car at Holy Rood. She said, "Where d'you 'ang aht?" We told her. "Oh, I goes Dock wiys. Su, wite a minute. 'Ere's me an' my pal wot 'ad 'er photo. took wiv me." We nodded, and then she continued, "And 'ere's my boy. Decent sort he is, arter all, though I did row wiv 'im last week. Well, good-bye; see yer liter; 'ere's my car." Then she trotted off, leaving us flabbergasted.

The next night we did no stamping, but were sent out for a breath of fresh air for five minutes. We had not gone far when the little Cockney met us with a cheery smile. "Aht for a breaver?" she asked. Then we stood in amazement and watched, for she swung round from us, shot out her arm, and stopped a young French sailor and started chatting with him. We walked away. Presently she caught us up. "Blimey, did yer see that chap? 'E's orf a boat in the Docks. I got orf wiv one of their oficers last Sunday. 'E took me all over 'er, 'e did. Showed me all the bloomin' lot, just as though I was a lidy, 'e did. Introduced me to all the crew;

good sort 'e was, I tell yer. I can talk French wiv the best of 'em; Gaw blimey, caunt I just." My mate tried to draw me away, but I wanted to see more of this amazing specimen of humanity.

She chatted on. Presently three girls passed us, obviously factory girls. "Well, Lizzie, 'ow are yer? 'ow d'yer like yer new job? Thinks something of yerself, don't yer?" The Londoner said not a word to her, but swung round on her heel, while her cheeks blazed. Then she said to me, scornfully, "Them girls are no class. Bottle-washers, workin' opposite my aunt's, just acrost the road. You know my aunt wot's got the shop; the one I've lived wiv since I came from London six monfs ago. Well, they comes in there for lunches; but I in't 'avin' nothin' to do with their sort, I in't. Lizzie, indeed! Gaw blimey, as if I'd 'eve a nime like that! Lizzie! Ha! ha!"

Perhaps I might mention here that next morning she signed on three people before me. Such daughters of Eve are we that I simply had to count back and look for her name; I saw "Lizzie ———. 8 a.m."

Well, on that night we continued our walk. Presently two clean, bright-looking Tommies passed us, the inside one being especially handsome. She did her best to attract notice—and failed ignominiously. Nettled, she turned to us to vindicate herself. "Blimey, that's the best bit of dirty rottenness I ever seed. Cut me like that, 'e did. 'Olds 'is 'ead so 'igh does 'e, the cad. I tell yer that chap wiv 'is 'igh airs used to live near us 'e did, the swanker He was my brover's pal 'e was, yer know, the one that died last year. [To my shame, I own I nodded my head; but then I did want to hear more.] Well, they was like brovers they was. That chap two years ago ran round to our plice every day of 'is life for a crust of bread. 'E would 'ave starved if it 'adn't been for my muver. 'E 'had nofink to eat and nofink to wear; no shoes on 'is feet 'e 'adn't, and 'is knees all aht of his trousers. Now look at 'im swaggering up 'Igh Street. Cuts people like us 'e does—'im that was the lowest of the low, the dirt of the gutter, wot 'ad died of starvation but for my muver. The dirty rotter." And she screwed a face. But I will stake my life she had never seen that soldier before; besides, his badge was that of a northern regiment.

"Any'ow," she said, looking at Holy Rood, "I caunt waste any more time, I caunt. Got to be at my first box by half-past. Ta ta, ole pal; see yer in the morning," and so she left us.

Of one official I must tell you. Had he lived in the early 18th century he would have been a Beau Brocade. He would have made a splendid highwayman. Instead he was 20th century; had been a postman, and was an official. He had the finest old aristocratic face, a mass of dark curly hair, and laughing, dancing blue eyes. His manner, however, was his greatest charm. He gave you a Court bow when he met you, so that for a moment you dreamed of a ball in Edinburgh Castle when Bonny Prince Charlie came.

He took snuff with a Beau Brummel's grace. He often shared his box with an old reprobate who was on temporarily, and who looked a bruiser. This man sniffed his snuff anyhow; but "Beau Brocade" took it with an old-world grace.

Saturday we brought our largest mail. Armed with our lanterns, we felt our way from box to box. The first mail was the worst. How I reached the car with my bags I do not know. Fortunately, an officer kindly carried them from Holy Rood to the G.P.O. for me, so I was saved that.

The last journey I found my little Cockney chum in the car. She chatted incessantly. "I slipped last journey, I did; tripped over a tree trunk acrost the bloomin' Comming. Worse than goin' Docks wiy. If it 'adn't been for a Tommy wot caught me as I fell I'd a smashed my bloomin' lamp. 'Anged if I know wot I'd done if 'e 'adn't carried my bag the rest of the way, I don't." At that moment a stately lady entered the car. She looked tired, and was about forty-five I should think. The Cockney jumped up. "Pore old gel, you look about done, you do. Sit down 'ere. I in't tired, I in't. I gets plenty of sit-downs at my job. 'Ere, come along." She caught her by the shoulders and thumped her down on the seat. "There y'are; don't thank me. I shall be old myself some diy." Then to us, loud enough for all to hear: "Poor old gel! Tork about gettin' fagged! Said she wasn't tired! Why she bloomin' well nigh dropped, she did. You get orf 'ere? Well, bye-bye."

Christmas Eve! I reached the G.P.O. at 7 a.m. There were no letters to collect, but I was going to help the postmen. I was told off with my new mate. He shouldered practically the whole load. I trotted along beside him, but he was far too kind. He gave me a rest at the Docks Station, and while he went round to the offices I had a good warm in the waiting-room. We continued our journey. Some of the roads cannot be described. I confess that I was glad there was someone else with me. If we brought a letter they swore at us; if we didn't, they swore just the same. When there

were parcels we had to wait for them to be taken in. Sometimes this was done by an arm appearing clothed in what was obviously a nightgown sleeve; sometimes a kiddie came in his little shirt, and sometimes we heard the snoring above, but could rouse no one.

Christmas morning we appeared at 7 a.m., but there was nothing to do, so we signed for an hour and returned home. Boxing Day it was the same, but as we had gone we were given a day's pay. Tuesday was pay day, and, as we had double money for all holiday work, I had quite a good sum to add to my pocket money for the Spring term.

I had enjoyed a perfectly new experience; had met all sorts of people; had some really good fun, and some memories which would last to the end of my life. I shall never forget that first 'Xmas at the G.P.O., I mean to go again next year, and I hope to have an outside job for the very pleasure of it. Who comes too?

BEE. 1908



QUOTATIONS APROPOS.

(SHAKESPEARE.)

TIDDLER.

"Last though not least in love."

U.C.S. MEN STUDENTS.

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

GREG. AT ATHERLEY.

"Gregory, remember thy swashing blow."

THIRD YEAR STUDENTS.

"We have seen better days."

INTER STUDENTS.

"If we should fail?"

11.15 A.M.

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once."

MESSRS. BENNETT AND W. G. WHITE.

"You two are book-men."

U.C.S. STUDENT.

"For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

GRANTS.

"Nothing comes amiss;
So money comes withal."

TWO ON THE WESTERN SHORE.

"And thereby hangs a tale."

EASTLEIGH STATION.

"Journeys end in lovers meeting."

KOO.

"Eating the bitter bread of banishment."

CHEMISTRY LAB.

"A very ancient and fish-like smell."

SOIRÉE NIGHT, 11 P.M.

"Our revels now are ended."

SENIOR MEN TO JUNIORS.

"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

EXCURSIONS TO FOREST.

"Let's go hand in hand, not one before another."

THE DIRECTORATE.

"Are you good men and true."

MR. KOO.

"Art is difficult."

THE OLD PIANO.

"How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?"

JUNIOR MEN.

"Rebellion, say I?—rather self-defence."

Browning, "Ring and the Book."

"NEDDY."

"He was not of an age, but for all time."

Jonson.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

"There shall be no love lost."

Jonson.

THE STUDENT.

"Oh, why
Should life all labour be?"

Tennyson.

D'ALBERTS.

"To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many twinkling feet."

Gray.

SWOTTING IN C.R.

"Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

Lord Brougham.

"THE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY."

[Advert.]

"Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry,
Choose not alone a proper mate
But proper time—to marry."

Cowper.

NEWS OF NEW RECRUITS TO THE AFORESAID
MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

"They should be repeated to one koo."

Venables (S.T.M.G.).

CUTTING LECS.

"Everything is sweetened by risk."

A. Smith.

IMPROMPTU TEA AT ATHERLEY.

"The awful phantom of the hungry poor."

Spofford.

TIDDLER AT TENNIS.

"Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though 'Bother it' I may
Occasionally say,
I never, never use a big, big D."

Gilbert.

WOMEN'S FANCY DRESS PHIZ.

"A sight to dream of,
Not to tell."

Coleridge.

WAR RATIONS.

"Give me *commentators* plain——"

Crabbe.

CHORAL.

"Notes by distance made more sweet."

Collins.



ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD STUDENT.

* * *

THE news came suddenly. We could hardly believe that he had passed from our midst. It seemed only yesterday that his cheery voice echoed along the corridors, and now he is no more! One never realises the awful, appalling calamity being enacted in Europe till those near and dear are smitten by the fell hand of death. Then gloom seems to settle on all our endeavours and a strange fatalism seems to rule the universe.

A young life starting out with glorious promise on the fair pilgrimage—one admired and loved by his companions—is a unit in a corps destined for France. He cheers the faint-hearted with a song, and arouses the fatigued with a joke. In a quiet, unsophisticated way he fulfils his purpose in the scheme of creation. He goes merrily to work, although work of so sombre a description, but realises the glorious purpose and immortal idealism throughout it all. Then one May morning, when the sun is at its highest, and the whole of Flanders and the north of France seems one fair flowery field, a shell from the enemy lays him low, banishes him from the battling hosts, and renders impotent his potentiality for assisting in the discomfiture of the Hun. No more shall his voice be heard by those who knew him. So swift and so sudden! and the terrible, relentless deity of War has claimed yet one more precious victim for his own. The awful tragedy of it all! A fair body hopelessly crushed and mangled beyond recognition! All that is mortal of man chased from the earthly tabernacle for evermore! There are the fruits of war; behold them and tremble!

What if the sacrifice were useless? He has given his life, his all. According to One, he could not possibly have given more. He died for those of us left in England. Yet what if the sacrifice of his and so many more brilliant lives were futile; if the drenching of Europe in the blood of her noblest sons were to be continued through the ages, in spite of the ideal for which the flower of British manhood has fought? No! emphatically no! we cannot believe that the struggle is vain! We imagine him the evening before the end, looking towards the rising of the morning star of Europe in the dim distance, and we know his sacrifice, his immortal offering, was not cast to the winds, but was stored up in the records of time for glorious fulfilment when the purposes of the Creator become realised. Out of the darkness there must needs come forth light, and we believe with a

lively faith in those who have preceded us in the pilgrimage towards the "great deep," that even now Europe is in her last death-throes of carnage, slaughter, distrust and jealousy, and that before us lies a vista bright with the noble prospect of peace. Before this terrible conflict this seemed impossible of fruition, to be in the "dreams of God," and not in those of man. This war is essentially a war of ideas, and the right must triumph, or all truth is changed to falsehood, and the progress of civilization is a sham. Now all who are wisest, all who are best, *must* believe in a prospect of good-will among the nations if they have any idealism at all.

He who dies for his country is not lost to those left behind. His spirit dwells for evermore among the enlightened patriots of his native land. There is more behind the veil than the average person is inclined to credit. We who knew him believe and know that he cannot really have passed from our midst. His cheery spirit and frank, hearty laugh is with us still. His is an abiding presence, cheering and encouraging us to noble efforts and fair purposes. When we are apt to be despondent, when work seems heavy, then his spirit is with us, and he imparts to us some of that joy which after the strife of battle he has found his own.

H. J. W.



THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

✧ ✧ ✧

Does the Laburnum Tree still shake for Miss White?

Is it generally known that Miss Hopkins intends in the near future to become a farmeress? Has she yet bought her second-hand cow?

Why Mr. Holt is seen so much near the Radiator, and also why he is so interested in biological studies.

Why Koo has not had a field-day for his ring recently.

Why Howard Jesse does not utilise the agency, over which he exercises such admirable control, for his own private purposes.

Why Birdie is not so keen on Woolston scenery as he was some time ago.

FROM THE "DAILY DREAMS" OF JUNE 8th, 2917.

* * *

Leading article by Prof. Réal S. Watt.

EXCAVATIONS have been commenced, and are now proceeding apace, on the site of that erstwhile mighty and magnificent marinopolis, South Hampton, so completely destroyed by the great natural upheaval which, like a comet in full sail, bore down on outstretched wing upon the Europe of the twentieth century—a cataclysmal calamity unforeseen by the most calculating men of science of the day. Foremost amongst the remains which, up to the time of writing, have been brought to light are those of an ancient educational institute commonly called at that time a college. These relics are of rare interest to the educationalist, philologist and historian, shedding as they do much light on the educational methods, dialect and customs of that bygone age. Nearly every fresh block of masonry which is excavated bears some crude carving or inscription which adds another girder to the bridge of knowledge fast being established across the gulf of ignorance which has long separated us from a full understanding of the life of the seeker after wisdom in those days of yore.

A large number of the inscriptions appear to be fragments of poems or the like, apparently composed or read by students in leisure moments. Owing however, to the scantiness of our knowledge of the dialect then in use in these parts, there is a good deal of linguistic difficulty. The first fragments appears to have been the beginning of a traditional ballad and begins:-

"O, I went down South for to see my gal."

It is almost certain that a letter or letters is missing at the end of this line. It has been suggested that "gal" is an abbreviation for "gallon," a wet measure, and this is rendered more likely by the discovery of the remains of a shop for the sale of milk, *distinctly to the south of the building*. Another runs:

"What's the matter with the band?"

This may have been a question asked by an engineering lecturer of a student with regard to a piece of machinery. The answer is, "The band's allright," and there follows a further question as to the reason for this satisfactory state. In fact, a sort of catechism is evolved—truly an illuminating sidelight on the elementary educational methods of that era. Another reference to "band" has been found, when a certain "Macnamara," possibly a kind of workshop demonstrator, is alluded to as the "leader" of the band; but this explanation is mere conjecture.

In this connection we may also notice a kind of historical mnemonic in the form of a rhymed catch-phrase, apparently for the purpose of inculcating a fundamental knowledge of the great men of former ages, and beginning "Do you know"—here the name of the personage is inserted. The rhyme then refers to some well known trait or incident in the life of the character, and concludes by reiterating the first line, presumably as an additional precaution against forgetfulness. It appears that even Biblical knowledge was imparted in this (to our way of thinking) somewhat ribald fashion, as the word "Jesse" is quite clearly delineated on a piece of masonry bearing the mnemonic.

A beautiful verse, expressive of true pathos, has been discovered, written in a masculine hand:

"Oh, shall I go, or shall I stay?
Oh! whither, whither, shall I flee?
The brave and strong are far away,
And I am in C 3.

Critical opinions differ as to the last line. Some assert that it should read "and I am C. A. 3," which, however, makes no better sense; others are of opinion that the hieroglyphic C 3, denotes some enumeration of the rooms in the chemistry department of the institution.

Classical history, also, was apparently not neglected, as an inscription has been found bearing the word "Pompey" and, after a gap, "arms;" between them is a series of lines on a shield-like background, probably a rough map of Rome in the time of this great General. The part of the remains near which this was found is of exceptional interest; the letters "M. C. R." are frequently met with, and probably have some such meaning as "Mansion of Complete Rest," (a classics lecture room?) It is, however, curious that after the lapse of centuries unmistakeable signs still remain that this spot was the scene of much spirited action; and the mouldering remains of antique garments and personal belongings of strange shapes and colours have been found embedded deep in the earth.

Here also was discovered a crude sculptured group of great interest, indicating the methods of horsemanship at that date. The cavalier is depicted lying face downwards across the body of his mount, and is being urged on by the blows of the bystanders. Another reference to horsemanship is found in a letter from one student to another, asking for the loan of his grey mare in order to visit "Widdy Combe fair" (a local beauty?) in the company of other students whose names are given.

Several copies have been found of a refrain beginning:—

"We want our Grant."

What "Grant" means here is uncertain; it may have been the name of a student who had been immured by the authorities, or possibly a reference is intended to a form of donative (cf. the old phrase, "to take for *granted*").

Unfortunately, the fragments in most cases are very short; for instance, little significance can be attached to such words as

"Grow the roses in their posies
Fertilised by Clementine!"

The only interpretation which has been made of this is that it is a fragment of an ode in praise of a patent fertiliser discovered by the chemical or biological faculty of the College. Or again:—

"Up the stairs, (do not run)
Squashed to a jelly;
Singing in unison,
Tell me, has anyone
Seen Mr. Kelly?
(That's what the tune is on.)"

This probably celebrates the disappearance of a popular College lecturer.

There is evidence that "bell-ringing" appealed to at least one sentimental youth:—

"What sound in this I hear?
Surely a bell!
If in the lec. 'tis heard,
Surely 'tis well!
Surely 'tis well!

"But when in C.R. dear
Stories I tell,
Tinkles are most absurd.
Sure 'tis not well!
Surely not well!"

What particular peal of bells it was that so fascinated the student is unknown, but there appear to have been several places of worship in the neighbourhood.

A tablet whereon are the words "There's a man selling matches over there" has given rise to considerable controversy; but several leading archæologists ingeniously suggest that the inscription contains a cryptic reference to some sort of "Agency" to which allusions have been found, and which actually used to provide "matches" for the students at a fixed scale of charges.

Besides these connected fragments, a number of interesting phrases and words have been deciphered at various stages of the excavations. The constant recurrence of the words "General Meeting" and "General Secretary" seems to indicate what a large influence the military authorities had over the destinies of education at that date. One also finds "please sign," an apparent instance of teetotal agitation; "plans for Swan-wick" (a local nickname for the feeder of the pen?) "marked off;" "dinner-club" (possibly a culinary utensil or instrument of torture), "bi-lab., "mixed fizz., keep it down" (evidently an explosive liquid of high effervescence indulged in by students), and the like.

Two words which invariably occur in connection with many and varied are "crit." and "lec.," though their signification is very obscure. Reference is also found to a person known as "Bunboy," whose origin and ultimate disappearance are shrouded in mystery. The students were evidently thoroughly instructed in practical horticulture, as many references are found to "digging" and "digs."

It is much to be hoped that the Government will continue to finance the scheme of excavation of this academy, as further treats are doubtless in store for the historian and the educationalist.

L. G. K. S.
E. P. K.

LAPSUS LINGUAE. X X



WHAT was the immediate result of the religious persecutions of Mary's reign?—Resurrections.

Juniors at History.

I want three women at once.

Mr. White.

What was "Jonson's learned sock?"

Was not that referring to the man who wore his clothes till they fell off?

Miss Thomas in English.

Hips —1, 2, 3, firm!!

Miss Moon.

Well, anyhow, I speak Scottish standard English.

Miss Bateman.

The dales farmer knows he has worked centuries on the ground.

Mr. Fawcett.

Every term in the series is greater than every other.

To find the centre of gravity of the part which is not there.

Prof. Watkin.

The priest having become dry

Mr. Crawford.

I was asleep when I woke up.

Mr. Colyer.

L.C.C. Schools in *London*.

Miss Steel.

You cannot stand with one *foot* in the Atlantic and one *foot* in the Pacific. That would be an impossible feat.

Mr. Fawcett.

What was one of the favourite and most common amusements of Milton's day?

Marriage.

Miss Jones in English.

I remember two, just three hundred years ago

Prof. Cock.

It's terribly *hard* to cut, it's so *soft*.

Miss O'Doherty.

Then the *poppies* are symbolic. They are the *birds* of sleep.

Miss Steel.

There are three ways of pronouncing "r" in the English language. In the *first* it is *not* pronounced at all.

Miss Fox.

. . . . and there wasted his substance with righteous living.

Miss Shaw in Phonetics.

. . . . my sixteen thousand feet.

Miss Wyatt.

This is easily proved either by ALGEBRA or by *common-sense*.

Prof. Watkins.

It doesn't matter whether he is a man or a woman.

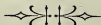
Prof. Cock.

This precipitate is yellow, though it is really white.

Prof. Boyd.

We get this experience from books and other people.

Miss Fox.



HOW TO END THE WAR. ❧

. . . .

DURING the last few months—for the sake of argument, let us say since the advent of the year 1917—since then, I would repeat, some of us have begun to realise that there is a war in progress. It has dawned on us rather suddenly, for, at the best, we are but slow to learn. The majority of us had heard that there was a certain amount of scrapping and “strafing” going on across the Channel, and that many of our fellows had been required to present themselves “for service with the colours” (*vide* A. F. W., 3195). Again, we had heard of raids being carried out, with varying results, by hostile aerial squadrons; and that several places whose names were familiar to us had been unearthed from the *débris*. I’m afraid, however, that none of these happenings really focussed our attention on this terrible struggle that was taking place between so many nations. Then, to come to

more recent times, we recollect that it was flashed throughout the country that the people across the "Herring Pond" had thrown in their lot with the Allies. Really, now, this was startling; we began to awaken. Surely, something of importance must be taking place for those stolid Americans to become so lively. As yet we were but half awake, and were scarcely prepared for the true eye-opener which was shortly to follow.

We (that is to say, your humble servant and his digmate) were journeying to Hartley one morning, leisurely, as is our wont, when our wandering eyes were arrested by the following message prominently displayed before the door of a news-agent's establishment: EAT LESS FOOD. Quickly we bought a paper,—which, by the way, is an uncommon procedure for us,—and eagerly read all about this latest scandal. I remember now how we laughed at this new perpetration; and I also recollect saying it was rather a pity that these practical jokers could not turn their abilities to better account. Harold (my chum) muttered something about it not being the 1st of April. But from that day onwards our supply of refreshment at digs, was appreciably curtailed, and we were therefore convinced that that fatal headline was not a "scare." Thus it was that Harold and I became really and truly aware that there was a war on.

When, at last, we did discover the true state of affairs—that this dreadful combat had been in progress nearly three years, and, like Johnny Walker, was still going strong,—it dawned upon us that it was time some attempt had been made to restore the world to normal order. We heard that there had been several Government crises, accompanied by unaccountable Cabinet changes. It was this that annoyed us. Here are the plain facts of the case. The country was involved in a tremendous war; it had been so involved for two years and nine months. The ruling authorities were falling out amongst themselves. New Ministers were continually being appointed. And during the whole time we Hartley students had not been taken into consideration at all. It was a crying shame that, at a time when all the talent (latent or otherwise) of the men (and women) of the country was required, no recognition whatever had been taken of the students of U.C.S. Had any of us been asked to form a Cabinet? Had any of us been asked to direct operations at Whitehall? Had our opinions been sought on questions of national importance? No, not a bit of it; it was perfectly scandalous.

Perhaps you cynics think that we were unable to be of assistance at this momentous time. If so, dispel such thoughts; I can show you otherwise. If any of you have attended meetings of the Debating Society, surely you recognise the vast resources of our students in the realms of politics. Also, you must have been agreeably surprised by their oratorical abilities. Believe me, more than one of these wranglers should become famous in the political world. Again, what of our valiant Engineers? Although so few in number, yet are they not least in the kingdom; capable munitioneers are to be found among them. Yet again, there are the noble Education students. Terminals show that many of them could capably fill vacancies in the Department of Education. And the undoubted success of our lectures on aviation show that we possess the very man for directing the New Air Board. These are but a few instances of what our possibilities really are. With such a wealth of talent as you see we are in possession of, it is obvious that if the right methods had been adopted we should be living in quite a normal atmosphere at the present time.

* * * * *

Extract from "The Times," April 1st, 191—:

"The following changes in the Government are reported:—

Prime Minister—RT. HON. H. J. WH...E.
Secretary for War—FIELD-MARSHALL SIR R. S. GR...RY.
Food Controller—HON. LADY W. LL...N.
Home Secretary—DUKE OF YARMOUTH.
Minister of Munitions—EARL CABBAGE.
Minister of Education—PROF. D. H. LT, of Manchester.
President of Air Board—BARON HITCHY OF PORTSMOUTH.
Chancellor of Exchequer—LORD FORDINGBRIDGE.
Minister of Agriculture—LADY BR...W...R."

K.





ON DIT. ✕ ✕

♦ ♦ ♦

THAT Mr. Wiles benefited by his circular.

THAT the French Teas unearthed many "fluent" conversation in that language.

THAT Birdie is going to set up an Excuse Agency.

THAT the White-Starke firm is composed of all bachelors.

THAT it is time some of the Second Year women came on the books, otherwise the Juniors will cut them out.

THAT it was suggested to have the C.U. Concert on the roof.

THAT Mr. White had business motives for the agency in view when he suggested the visit to Pirelli's.

THAT Miss Wyatt is about to be appointed Orator-in-Chief for the coming session.

THAT Mr. Gregory, by way of a pleasant change, might organise a soirée at Atherley occasionally, and a tennis tournament in the Central Hall.

THAT certain members of the Tennis Club would not mind in the least, so long as they were not separated.

THAT the new Quartette Party was triply encored.

THAT on the occasion of the C.U. Concert we did not know if Miss Burnard was "pulling our legs."



"YOU ARE LATE, SIR!" X

♦ ♦ ♦

FOR the sixth time in one week, too. The essential moment has escaped you. On this occasion it is even more than that,—say, some forty minutes. How difficult to make all things work together for good with due precision. 9.0 a.m.! Landlady, maid, tram-driver, tram-conductor, hasten ye! or the always-punctual lecturer, casting his eye on the ranks of the time-subservient, will again note only the ninety-and-nine.

Rapidly dress, wash, shave, and breakfast, overleap obstacles, race along, and all with the speed of three-league boots.

Yes, you caught the tram,—but it was not the roomy one with the really nice "punctual" people on, with the dapper conductress and nimble-handed, fresh-faced driver. It was the later one, densely jammed with slow-coaches, which never starts till full twenty minutes after you catch it.

Pity its poor struggling tramway-folk, dragged unwillingly to their labours! Curse the slowness of slow trams!

O for a tank!—think of cavorting to College on a tank! It would not permit itself to be stopped by Lipton's tea carts,

brewery drays, dust vans, by absence of important stretches of wire, by portions of "road-up."

Haven't you felt that desire to charge surge up as you turn a corner and discover fifteen vehicles stumbling along the lines in front of you, apparently unable to get off.

Straight to your objective!

Make a lane through the cumberers!

They go slow, they go slower, they crawl—ye gods! they stop! On, ye brave! Up lads, and at 'em! Charge, Chester, charge! Forward, tanks!

Or there is nothing in the way, and then, of course, the tram stops. It must stop. Something has come out of something, or off something, or the conductress is in a crowded shop getting change for six separate pennies out of six separate pound notes, legally tendered. At last, here she is. Bless her. She reaches for the bell. The bell tings away the unhappy moment. The tram does not budge. You are late, sir! You stare at the station clock again. That minute-finger must have fallen down half-an-hour suddenly. Nothing else hastens. Now is the time to read the placards; to compare the boots or hats of passers-by; to talk to your neighbour on the war, war bread or poultry food; to wind up your watch; to start eating the luncheon in your pocket. If only a company of jolly Tommies would march by, or a troop of prisoners!

That tank is sorely needed now. The car will never shift. The driver gets off and talks football to bystanders. Get off and walk short-cut by the Western Shore.

Level-crossing closed! No trains in sight anywhere. Obvious shortage of man-power to open gates. Don't soliloquise on this. Cross the line by the bridge provided. Any other short cuts? Remember!—the Forty Steps route is really shorter!

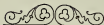
Ascend these,—count them as you go,—extricate yourself as best you can from the succeeding maze of switch-lines, and then . . . Get your wits to work, for clocks galore crowd round and accuse you, and all have different and telling accusations. From their high pinnacles they strike halves and quarters; they point here, they point there,—all sorts of hours save nine. You are late again, abominably late. The whole solar system confronts you with it.

All details of mishaps, delays, are excuses. You are late, that is the only truth. A moral and scientific lapse. O beatific and scientific exactitude of time! O *Anno Domini*!

Summer time, Greenwich mean time, any old time. Once upon a time. Time and tide. A stitch in time. Better late than

No, sir, don't boggle, you are *very* late. You will be scowled at, you will be scarified. Punctuality is the courtesy of kings. Pay homage. At least, you can be punctual for the four remaining morning lectures. Have you no shame! Be a man! Pull yourself together! Do your duty!

A. E.



A REPLY TO "FESTINA LENTE."

• • •

WHEN I first received permission to write this reply I was overjoyed at the prospect. My labours promised to be like one of Ezra Read's pianoforte solos, "easy, pretty and effective." But I found, after all, that the task was impossible—within the limits of this magazine. So I have disregarded the writer's minor errors and will deal with the grosser misconceptions contained in the elaboration of his main theme: namely, the exposition of the essential differences between Conservatism and Socialism.

His definitions of the former I will accept as he gives them. It is with his criticisms of Socialism that I disagree. Evidently knowing practically nothing of Socialism, beyond a few hazy impressions, he proceeds, nevertheless, single-handed to sweep away and bury under a rubbish heap of vague and inaccurate generalities a political creed to which has been devoted the thought and the lives of some of the noblest intellects of modern times. Equally keen intellects have devoted years of toil to exposing the fallacies and dangers of Socialism; but without shaking the faith of its adherents. Yet H. J. W. knows *just* what is wrong with it. In precisely seven lines he discredits Socialism for ever and ever.

But to get to facts. "The Socialist . . . always leaves out of consideration one vital and all-embracing factor:

namely, that the passions of mankind—greed, avarice, desire for position, and all the other passions which go to make up a human character—can never be eliminated from economic calculations." You will notice how exquisitely definite this assertion is—"and *all the other passions*." No, H. J. W., the Socialist does not forget these, but, while he recognizes the prevalence of evil passions in modern commerce, *his* ideal is cooperation for competition, social service for individual gain, honesty for greed, love for hate. He sees no reason why the baser passions should for ever taint commerce. After all, the true basis of commerce is that of exchange and distribution for the common good. Why should the production of the food and clothes of the community be made the means of individual profit? Trade is social service; and when it is recognized as such there will be more room for the nobler passions of men and less play for the meaner kind which make modern commercialism a mere exploitation of the mass of the people for the benefit of a few. No, the Socialist doesn't forget. It is just because he is bitterly alive to these facts that he is a Socialist.

"Socialism would tend to level all men down to the same mechanical type, each being merely a unit in the social fabric." Even street-corner election hirelings gave up this argument ages ago—and yet H. J. W. proudly resurrects it as his contribution to social science! Socialism does aim at a certain amount of levelling, but the direction is upwards, not downwards. No sane person wants to bring all men to the same level—in the downward direction. The desire to give men an insight into the inner and deeper truths of life, which the writer attributed to Conservatism, is the driving force of all Socialist endeavour—and is, in fact, the force behind all genuine social reformers. A Socialist, too, desires to save men's souls, and by the very means which H. J. W. so despises—by giving them a new social system. After all, what is the progress of civilization but the gradual evolution of new social systems, each a farther endeavour towards the ideal? Under our present capitalistic system the Socialist realizes that the benefits of life, both physical and spiritual, are unequally distributed, and that with the increased development of such a system the inequality becomes more and more pronounced. Therefore he works for a social state in which the fulness of life shall be denied no one; in which the efforts of the community shall be for the benefit of the community and not for a privileged few who control capital. Equality of *opportunity* is his motto. The means the Socialist would employ to attain his ideal are beyond the scope of this

article. I have concerned myself with trying to point out two of the errors into which H. J. W. has fallen and to prevent his readers taking his misconceptions for truth. If I have succeeded I am content. If not,—then, dear reader, I am sorry for you.

E. H. F. B.



SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS FROM OLD STUDENTS.



LIEUT. F. M. BROWN, in a communication to the Principal, makes the following interesting reference to operations on the Western Front:—

"Censorship restrictions prevent my giving you what would really approach to being an interesting account of conditions and progress out here, but perhaps a few lines may be readable. At present we are enjoying perfect weather, and a little laundry work (without the finer touches) is the order of the day. I think it would amuse the ladies at home to see their menfolk making fires with splinters and wood from adjacent ruins in some shell hole and having a quiet smoke while the water heats up in an 'annexed' cartridge tin. Truly such weather is a godsend after the January conditions we have been experiencing. To see our infantry chaps, loaded up, marching to take their places in the trenches, along roads ankle deep in thick mud and under a weeping sky, makes one think that their courage and pluck are not alone displayed under fire. It is marvellous what they have accomplished out here recently. I have seen German lines and strongholds protected by mazes of wire and boasted as impregnable which have fallen easily to them after the preliminary pounding by the artillery. To get through German wire so easily—even after it has been cut about by our artillery—is indeed a feat. The Bosche is indeed an expert in running up wire defences; even with good cutters I have been glad to desist after cutting a few times. The main strand is quite thick and tough, while the barbs are so arranged as to present the greatest difficulty to getting an effective 'bite.' His dug-outs, too, are wonderful protective works against artillery fire. One I am living in now, with its two entrances and great depth, must be fairly proof against any but the heaviest shells,

"To see a place which—now out—has been at one time pounded by our heavy guns, is a scene of desolation not soon to be forgotten. A few heaps of scattered bricks with here and there a ragged bit of wall represent one-time peaceful village homes, while from the deeply pitted ground,

trailed over by rusty barbed wire, stand out a few splintered, torn stumps. I have seen several such places, and have often wondered what the returning refugees will think and do when they get back.

"You may be interested to know that my O.C. is Major C. S. King, of Winchester, who, as an officer in the Hants R.G.A. (T) at Calshot and Egypt Point, was under Major Malcolm to whom you would have given me an introduction last July. This is somewhat a coincidence as I came to France as a reinforcement and might have been sent as such to any one of the hundreds of siege and heavy batteries.

"My work as a B.C.A., altho' rather mechanical, after a time is interesting, especially in seeing how elementary scientific facts and mathematical methods are applied in gunnery. That an ordinary secondary schoolboy can apply his scientific training to the understanding of the underlying principles of theoretical and practical gunnery, is, to me, significant of the value of such training."

Pte. F. Smith, writing to a friend in Southampton in December, 1916, remarked:—

"We don't do any exciting things now; in fact, practically all we do is to get our meals, hunt for firewood, and scrape mud off our boots and persons. We had a busy time a few days ago, but we didn't quite appreciate the change from the monotony. Now and again we go slightly mad and enliven the night with song (at least, that's what we call it). A few evenings ago we even tried dancing in the dug-out, but it wasn't exactly a success—you couldn't expect it in a space 8ft. x 6ft. Then we started talking about 'Blighy' dances, and kept on for I don't know how long. What wouldn't I give for a soiree now? I'm sure I've forgotten D'Alberts and Lancers by this time.

"Of course we have our share of mud—nice and liquid—but oh! so cold and wet. One of our fellows is an absolute star at falling down in it. He managed to go full length three times in one day—once when he was carrying his breakfast."

Towards the end of April he wrote:—

"We have had lots of travels and seen things since then. We left our old position at 5 o'clock on Mar. 15th, had a short train journey—about 30 miles in 10 hours, in the usual cattle trucks—and then went on in lorries. The first night we had no billets so we slept on the top of stores in the lorries. It froze too, which didn't improve things. Next night, however, we had a nice straw-filled barn and we slept like tops after having a look round the village. We were on the road nine days in all, doing about 20 miles a day and getting billeted at night. Most of our stopping places were small villages—we ran through two or three decent sized towns—though once we stopped in a small town and made good use of our time. On the whole we were very fortunate in our billets, and the weather kept fine until about three days from the end.

"It was quite nice to travel through some decent country and see some civilians again. The rest was very welcome too and we felt quite fit by the time we reached our position.

"For the first day or two there we fixed ourselves up as best we could, but then we were put into some A1 billets. I was in the front room of a fine house, and we had fire places, mirrors and tables and chairs.

"We also had a fair share of work. For three or four days we were on almost continuously, but it was some satisfaction to see the streams of prisoners come in. They passed quite close to us and seemed glad to be out of it.

"We had to leave our nice little home and go forth into the wilderness again about a fortnight ago. The weather was rotten and the roads worse, so we were not very cheerful; moreover, we had to carry our kits all the way; still, the fine weather seems to have come at last and we are giving Fritz a dickens of a hot time. He does his best to keep us busy too."



DEBATING SOCIETY. X

This Society has had a very successful session, considering that there were only about thirty men in college during the Christmas term. The women have, however, shewn a thoroughly sporting spirit, and have rallied to the meetings, even on some occasions when the subjects were not of a particularly interesting nature to the average student. At the fourth General Meeting of the term the Prime Minister, Mr. P. Watts, rose to propose that "Professionalism in Sport should be abolished." He endeavoured to show what the function of sport was in our national and communal life, and contended there should be no professionalism, but the main object should be to develop *esprit de corps*. The leader of the Opposition (Mr. A. R. Alker) urged that sentiment should be entirely put away, and that the House should find abuses of professionalism before casting it away as useless. Miss Mason ably seconded Mr. Watts, whereas Mr. Gregory delivered an able speech in favour of the thesis of the leader of the Opposition. The voting resulted in a Government victory. The fifth General Meeting was of an informal character, Mr. Fawcett, M.Sc., presiding over impromptu debates. The first Meeting in the Spring Term was concerned with the question whether it was desirable to have a trade war when the present one was over. The principal speakers were Misses Singleton and Wyatt and Messrs. Avery, F. Watts, H. J. White and Bratcher. The Last Meeting was the "Banquet." Then about ninety were present in the library, and Dr. Alex Hill presided. The following literary characters were ably impersonated:—Dobbin, Mr. Alker; Pechsniff, Miss Steel; Stiggins, Mr. W. Hitchens; Mr. Micawber, Dr. Horrocks; Becky Sharp, Miss Mason; Sam Weller, Mr. F. E. Watts. These proceedings were followed by a soirée in the Central Hall.



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. X

ON November 30th the Chairman, Mr. H. J. White, delivered a lecture entitled "From Ape to Man." He brought forward conclusive evidence in support of his thesis that modern man was evolved from primitive types. He endeavoured towards the end of the lecture to co-ordinate the views of responsible biologists, with constructive and religious ideals, showing that the two were by no means incompatible. Miss Hunt delivered a lecture at the next meeting of the Society on "Insectivorous Plants." The choice of slides was admirable, and many of the students were brought into contact with a subject about which previously they had but scanty knowledge. The first meeting of the Spring Term

was honoured by the presence of the Principal, who continued his lecture on "The Senses." There was a large attendance. Dr. Hill, who dealt with the technicalities of the subject in a manner that made them clear to all, pointed out that our senses could only appreciate a small percentage of the vibrations filling the universe. Hence our capacity for knowledge was distinctly limited by our bodily organs. Other lecturers during the Session have been Mr. J. A. Hitchens and Miss Loader, B.Sc. On June 6th a party of about fifty (Staff and students) visited Pirelli's Works. Dr. Stansfield was in charge of the party, and both he and the management took great pains to explain the various technical processes.



THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Two delegates, Mr. H. J. White and Miss M. Bouffler, visited the S. of England Conference held at Oxford during the last week-end in April. They reported the following Sunday, and propounded many brilliant schemes for the successful working of the C.U. in the future. Prof. Cock has delivered throughout the Spring and Summer Term a series of Wednesday afternoon lectures on "The Personality of God and the Reasonableness of Prayer." One lecture was occupied with the expounding of the ontological argument. This was most interesting and helpful to the students present, who must have felt afterwards that their faith in future rested on sure intellectual foundations. Prof. Cock is to be thanked for relieving, throughout the Conference, many difficulties felt by the thinking student. It has been suggested that the Conferences should be concluded with a devotional meeting.

Canon Streeter, M.A., paid the college a visit late in the 'Xmas Term. His excellent lecture was well attended, and afforded subject matter for discussion in the Common rooms for quite a fortnight afterwards. The Rev. H. Spencer and Rev. P. Buchan have addressed the Sunday meetings, and Mr. Murray, from head-quarters, attended a concert and devotional meetings during the week-end June 2nd to 4th.

It is hoped to send three representatives to Swanwick, two women and one man.



THE FORUM. ✕

THE Second General Meeting took the form of an interesting discussion in the W.C.R., in which Miss Weedon and Mr. H. J. White read papers bearing on the position of women before and after the war. The urgent need for social reform among the poorer classes and the emancipation of women from many of their burdens was emphasised. At the next meeting Mr. P. Watts read a most instructive paper on the life and work of Mendelssohn. He dwelt at some length on the fact that the quality and style of music depend to a large extent on the environment and occupation of the people of a country. Miss Watts, Miss Ferguson and Miss Baker rendered excellently various items illustrating the lecture. The first meeting in the Spring Term was of a semi-political character, Mr. Bratcher giving a carefully prepared paper on "A Socialist's Outlook on the War." The discussion which ensued was most interesting, as practically every side of political thought was represented by the Staff and students present. At the next meeting Dr. Alex. Hill gave a charming lecture on the mystery of Edwin Drood. He stimulated his hearers to endeavour to solve the fascinating problem, and elaborated an interesting

theory as regards the disappearance. The numbers of Staff and students present was most encouraging.



THE STAGE. ❧ ❧

The annual function of this society was held on the 3rd Feb. Dr. Hill received the students and friends and about 100 were present. The play, "The Last Laughter," was written and produced by Dr. Horrocks, M.A. It was rendered admirably, as was inferred from the applause accorded to author and actors. The following was the cast:—

William Goldman, M.P.	Dr. J. W. HORROCKS.
Jane Goldman, <i>his Sister</i>	MISS E. C. SINGLETON.
Julia Goldman, <i>his Daughter</i>	MISS HILDA SPENCER.
Walter Spencer, <i>his Private Secretary</i>	MR. C. G. R. COLLIS.
Joseph Peckham, <i>successor to Spencer as Private Secretary to Goldman</i>	MR. P. J. LEAPER.
Cecily Bertram, <i>Artist, friend of Julia</i>	MISS G. FERGUSON.
Mary Weldon, <i>Author, friend of Julia</i>	MISS E. ADLEM.
Sir Arthur Mayall, Bart.	MR. H. R. CANTELO.
Mr. Smith, <i>Spokesman for Deputation</i>	MR. F. WATTS.

Miss Ferguson is to be congratulated on arranging an excellent musical programme, to which the following contributed: Mr. F. Good-year, Miss E. G. Jones and Miss Burnard. An interesting feature was the Morris and Old English Dances which had been prepared by Miss Moon. Eight students, led by Miss L. James and Miss W. Ploughman, contributed "Hunsdown House," "Black Nag" and "Gods and Goddesses," which were loudly applauded.

The play was repeated to a crowded house of wounded soldiers on March 14th. This production was even better than the previous one, and Dr. Horrocks has received many congratulations on his skill as both actor and author. Later in the term the Morris Dances were repeated in connexion with a lecture on "Music in Shakespeare's Day," organized by Mr. Leake, Mus. Bac.



OTHER SOCIETIES.

The Choral Society has been restricted to women students this session. The "Rose of Life" is to be rendered for the inspection, Misses Ferguson, Burnard and Knott taking the solos.

The Tennis Club is flourishing as regards numbers. The juniors started out with much enthusiasm. The seniors v. juniors match resulted in a victory for the former, the score being 37 points to 36; Miss L. James was largely responsible for bringing the juniors so near to victory.

Both the Soirée Society and the Physical Culture Society have had frequent meetings during the session, the majority being well attended. The women, under the direction of Miss Wallen, organised a fancy dress phys., at which many lady members were present. Report states that it was a great success.

The Common Rooms have been unusually quiet during the Summer Term, many preferring the Western Shore during the sunny weather. The men had several interesting trials during the Spring Term, but on the whole the seniors have been most considerate throughout the session, leaving the juniors in comparative peace.

H. J. W.

